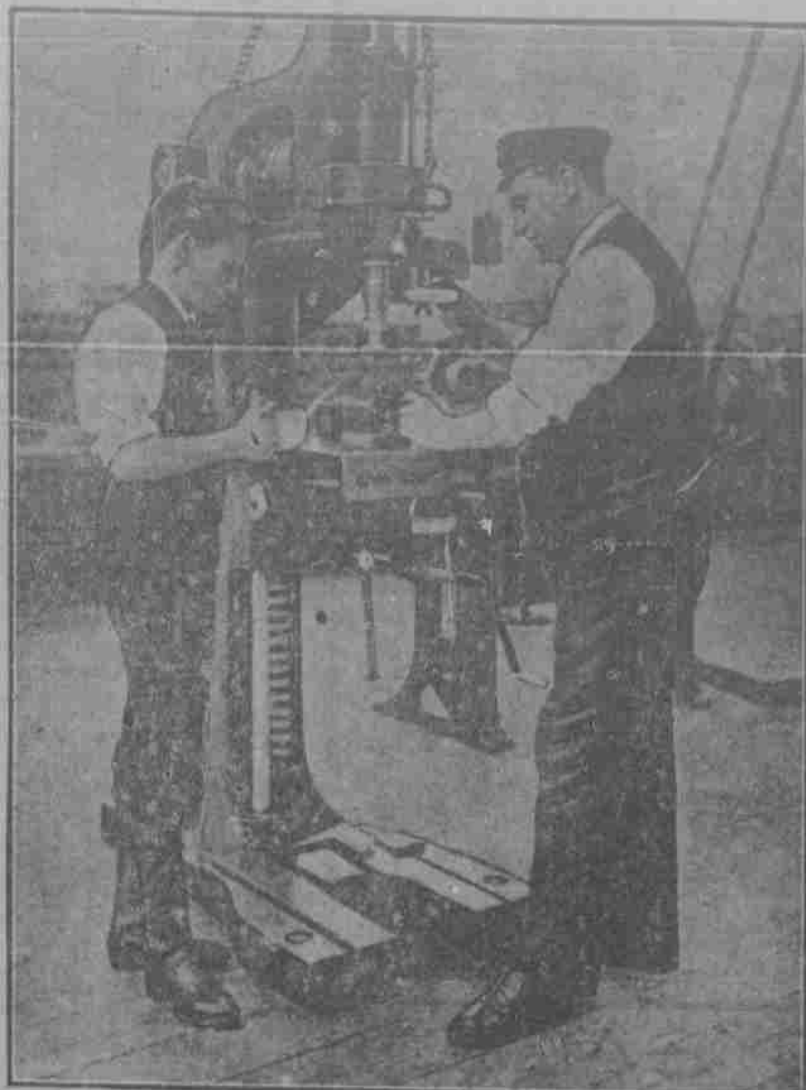


MAKING BRITISH SAILORS



Instructing a cadet in the use of machine tools at Osborne college, the English naval school.

A MODEL CITY IN WILDS

GLADSTONE, MICH., A THRIVING INDIAN COMMUNITY.

Town Owned by Lumber Company Is Full of Industries, Happy Redskins Who Have a Government That Is Ideal.

Gladstone, Mich.—Few if any communities in the lumber districts of the north country can boast of conditions more ideal than the village of Nahma, Delta county. The town possesses an electric lighting system, a water-works plant, a well-equipped fire department, an opera house, a first class hotel, schools, churches, wide, well-graded streets that are lined with shade trees, a natural park of picturesque beauty and a fine water front.

Nahma and the country for 40 miles back are owned by the Bay de Noquet Lumber company. This concern is one of the largest and most successful in the upper peninsula, and it shares its prosperity with its employees. During the busy season the mills of the

company employ over 300 men, and the logging camps use 400 more. To transport the timber from forest to town a private railroad is operated. It possesses 40 miles of track, its own telegraph system and 100 cars and four locomotives.

Every board of the many millions of feet of lumber produced is sold on the dock at Nahma and transported from there by the purchasers. But little of the product is moved by rail and the great portion of it is taken south and east on vessels. As a consequence the winter's output accumulates on dozens of docks that aggregate several miles of water frontage.

The ships which transport the lumber are loaded by Indians, a branch of the Chippewa tribe, who live at Nahma. The men are paid 45 cents an hour for this work. The Indian village is ruled over by Chief Kiasia, a venerable red man of 84 years. His habits are perfect, but his example of right living is not generally followed by his tribesmen. In fact, they are gluttons, when their financial circum-

stances permit. Big feasts and big sports are their chief forms of pleasure.

After spending in a riotous "jam-boree" the money they have made in the woods in winter they sober down and wait for the first boat to come in. Then they work like beavers, and when the vessel is loaded another orgy is held. Hard work and jubilee, in fact, alternate until navigation closes in the fall. The squaws can imbibes as much as the bucks when they get the chance. Chief Kiasia has never taken a drink, used tobacco or uttered an oath in his life. He labors industriously in the endeavor to teach thrift and sobriety to his followers, but his efforts thus far have been almost futile.

The residents of Nahma, instead of finding life lonely and irksome, have many amusements and are a happy lot. They have literary and dancing clubs, theatrical entertainments, snow-shoeing and tobogganing during the winter, while in the summer recreation is found in baseball and boating and picnic parties. The day of the heavy drinking, gambling mill worker is gone; in his place is to be found a well-dressed, intelligent man of good habits.

The government of the village is a model. There is only one saloon allowed to do business of Nahma, and it is under the supervision of the lumber company. Gambling is strictly forbidden. The place closes at nine o'clock at night and does not open until seven o'clock in the morning. All electric lights in the town are extinguished at 9:30 o'clock, and, except when some sort of entertainment is going on, the community retires at a healthful hour. There is one physician in the town, a man of unusual ability, as he is paid for his services on the assessment plan.

ROOSEVELT A HAVING FAKER?

Senator Knox Tells Story on President to Elks' Committee.

Philadelphia.—President Roosevelt is somewhat of a nature faker, according to Senator Philander C. Knox, Pennsylvania's presidential aspirant, who told this story to the Elks' committee at Valley Forge.

"President Roosevelt," he said, "was surprised by a Kansas delegation at Oyster Bay not long ago. The president appeared, coat and collar off, trousers hitched by belt, and mopping his forehead.

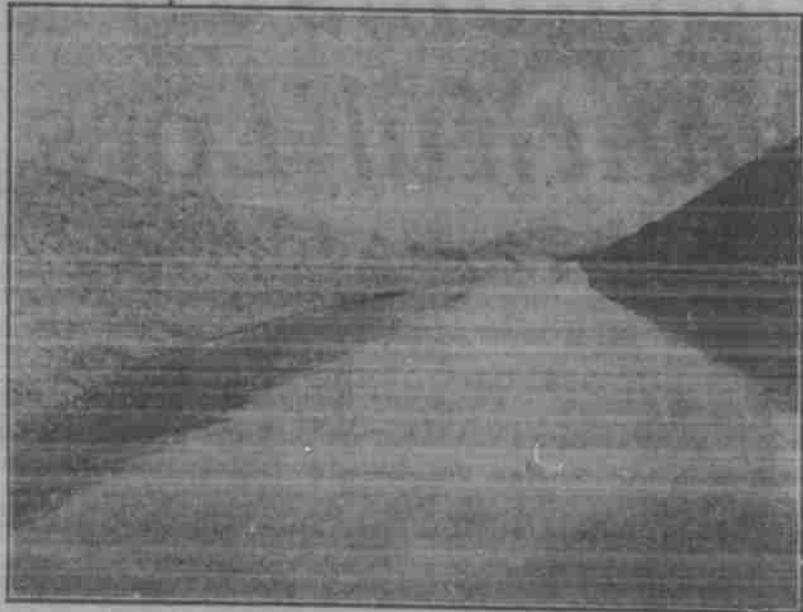
"Ah, gentlemen," he said, "delighted to see you, delighted, but I'm busy putting in my hay, you know. Just come down to the barn with me and we'll talk it over while I work."

"Down to the barn hustled delegation and president. Mr. Roosevelt seized a pitchfork, but there was no hay on the floor.

"John, John," shouted the president to sounds in the hayloft, "where's all the hay?"

"I ain't had time to throw it back, sir, since you threw it up yesterday, sir," came a man's voice from the loft."

SECTION OF CANAL



GIRLS OUST MEN FROM PLACES

Canadian Civil Service Monopolized by Members of Fair Sex.

Montreal, Que.—It is shown by an examination of the appointments of unmarried girls to the civil service of Canada, in connection with the new civil service commission, that in another ten years at the present rate of increase there will be more bachelor girls in the inside service than men. The commission of 1886 looked into the question of female civil servants, and found numerous objections to their employment. The commissioners reported that the girls would have to be placed in rooms by themselves and under the immediate supervision of persons of their own sex.

Subject to this the commission saw no objection to girls being appointed as clerks of the third class under such regulations as might be laid down with the sanction of the governor in council. But to-day women are found in every department of the state, occupying rooms in common with men and seeking no higher advantage than the right to equality with them under the regulations. The St. Patrick's Calendar, an influential Roman Catholic newspaper, expresses the belief that the appointment of so many unmarried women in the service makes for the upsetting of social conditions.

Girls who enter the service find themselves bound down by their environment. Life becomes for them a

social condition that seldom leads to marriage. They find themselves in a few years in the receipt of a salary that practically makes them independent and places them out of the reach of the average young man willing to marry, which, says the Calendar, brings its compensation in the shape of freedom from women's legitimate burdens and the means to make life otherwise pleasurable and satisfying.

GIVES FORTUNE TO OLD NEGRO.

Entire Estate Left to Servant to Satisfy a Debt.

Philadelphia.—Members of some of Philadelphia's oldest families are annoyed by a remarkable act of one of their relatives, the late Mrs. Sarah Wain Hendrickson, a descendant of William Penn, who died in March, at her home in Wainford, N. J., 91 years old. Fourteen months before her death, it has been learned, Mrs. Hendrickson signed over her estate, including the family homestead, portraits, jewels, silver plate and antique furniture, to a colored man, John Wilson, who had been in her employ 40 years.

Mrs. Hendrickson was a childless widow, and gave her property to the colored man, it is said, to pay off a debt of upward of \$5,000 which he claimed she owed him on account of unpaid wages, and small loans.

BRIDGE WHIST CRAZE

SUMMER COLONY AT NEWPORT WILD OVER GAME.

Many Prominent Society Women Give Up Their Whole Time to It—Golf Clubs Again Popular as a Result.

Newport, R. I.—Newport has the bridge whist craze. So has Narragansett Pier and Bar Harbor, but it is at Newport that the epidemic is most virulent.

Here pursuit of the game has become an obsession. Big sums of money are won and lost every day at the tables. Women in most instances are the most inveterate of the gamblers. The flushed face of the woman gambler can be seen daily in carriages that flash along Bellevue avenue. Her nervous, eager manner betrays her. At ordinary social functions she waits patiently for the outlanders to depart in order that the elect few may creep away to the boudoir of the hostess for an hour at bridge.

Bridge is not the only game. More than one splendid villa here now conceals a dainty roulette wheel and a private faro layout for the delectation of the elect.

To such an extent has the passion for play gone that some of the older heads are seriously discussing the organization of an anti-gambling crusade. The effect of gambling on the nerves of some women in the younger set, as well as on their pocketbooks, is creating alarm.

And then the golf club claims attention. The golf club had run to seed. It was so far away it didn't offer any particular diversion after one had made the long journey out to the place. Of late, however, unwonted prosperity has come to the club. Bridge whist did it. Confronted with a situation that spelled ruin for the club the managers appointed a women's committee to take matters in hand. The committee turned to bridge whist. Now the golf club has become one of the most popular institutions at Newport. Members even occasionally play golf as a recreation after several hours of enervating play at the tables.

Here it is that the passion for bridge is seen at its height. On a recent afternoon there were eight tables going. Refreshing breezes swept in from the ocean. Half a dozen of the best-known women in New York and Philadelphia society lounged outside on the terrace. Within at least 20 young women and a few men toiled feverishly at bridge.

Among the stories they tell sub rosa at the golf club is one of a young woman who has won enough during this season to buy a handsome automobile, and another young woman who lost so much that her father threatened to cut off her allowance and refuse to stand responsible for any of her debts if she does not quit the game. There are other stories of matrons who are heavily in debt to their fellow-players, and a couple of men who practically support themselves by means of their winnings.

WEDS GIRL, WON'T TELL NAME.

Millionaire Hearne Married to a Miss of Seventeen.

New York.—A millionaire of 50 marrying a beautiful brunette of 17 summers is the latest romance of the Waldorf-Astoria.

The groom is W. H. Hearne, of Wheeling, W. Va., a member of the Pennsylvania staff and a brother of the late Col. Frank J. Hearne, at one time president of the Colorado Fuel and Iron company.

The identity of the bride is not revealed. Her husband says, "It's none of the public's business." Just where the marriage took place cannot be learned, but it is supposed in the west.

The couple met for the first time a few weeks ago at Kansas City, while Mr. Hearne was visiting his sister, Mrs. Annie Armour, and his bride was the guest of Mrs. Kirk Armour.

Soon after Mr. Hearne's daughter, Mrs. Archibald Mitchell, was surprised on receiving this telegram from her father:

"Meet me in Wheeling. Am going to be married."

The daughter hurried to Wheeling, but her father failed to appear. A few days ago he and his bride arrived at the Waldorf-Astoria. Their devotion to each other attracted considerable attention.

Danger in Handcuff Game.

Washington, Pa.—As a result of his efforts to emulate a handcuff expert whom he saw at a traveling show, Thomas Garbert, aged 22 years, is dead at his home at Roscoe. The young man kept up his practice daily and learned to release himself from all kinds of locks and entanglements. While trying to free himself from an especially difficult position recently he strained himself so badly that dropsy set in, resulting in death.

Biggest Kansas Baby.

Kansas City, Mo.—A baby boy that weighed 15½ pounds arrived at the farm of Cecil Van Berger, near Shawnee, in Johnson county, Kansas. It is the sixth child born to Mrs. Van Berger. None of the others weighed more than eight or ten pounds at birth. "The child is healthy and well developed," said Dr. R. P. Chace. "It is, I think, the largest baby in the state of Kansas, without a doubt." The mother is a native of Belgium.

NEW ENGLISH AUTO TRACK



Mr. S. F. Edge Trying for a New 24-Hour Record.

FARMERS BUYING AUTOS.

NEW SIGNS OF PROSPERITY OBSERVED IN THE WEST.

Manufacturers of Motor Cars Cannot Make Machines Fast Enough to Supply Demand from Tillers of the Soil.

Lincoln, Neb.—Western agents of automobile factories assert that if the machines could be obtained hundreds of autos could be sold this summer to the farmers of Nebraska and Kansas.

As it is, the residents of the country towns and the farmers are buying more of the benzine buggies than the cities, and there is scarcely a country town in Nebraska in which there are not more automobiles in proportion to the population than in Lincoln or Omaha.

The prosperity of western farmers has become an old story, and this prosperity is going to be augmented this year by another big crop of wheat and corn and oats. Most of the farmers in the state could buy a medium-priced machine just as a luxury if they wanted to, but the manner in which they have amassed their money does not lead to extravagance of that kind.

When a Nebraska agriculturist adds to his machinery collection he buys only that which will be of use. That is why he is just now turning to the automobile. The favorite farm type is the runabout, largely because of its low first cost. The prudent farmer figures that with good carriage horses bringing \$150 to \$250 each in the market he is foolish to utilize them in the pleasure jaunts and his journeyings to and from church.

If he uses his work horses to go to town or about the country, he deducts just that much from their working capacity on the farm. By using an auto he saves the horses fresh for the farm work, he can transact his busi-

ness quicker and get back to the farm in a short time, to his financial betterment.

LAD OF 7 CROSSES SEA ALONE.

Adorned with Many Tags Before He Reaches New York from Russia.

New York.—Adorned with a motley array of tags, which were pinned on his coat, shirt and trousers in many cities on the route from far off Minak, Russia, to this city, seven-year-old Benjamin Meyerson is quartered in the Hebrew home for immigrants in this city. He is bound for Omaha where his parents, who left Russia several years ago, now reside.

The boy remained with his uncle until recently, when his parents sent for him and he was started alone on what probably has been the most remarkable journey ever taken by a little fellow of his age.

Benjamin's uncle tagged him so that the railroad men might know where to ship the tiny human freight. He also appended to the boy's coat a request that wherever the wee journeyer stopped he should be bathed. The child has been scrubbed in a score of cities.

At each point where the boy changed cars he was retagged until when he arrived two days ago on the Eturia he looked like a misshapen trunk that had gone through the grand tour.

Woman of 92 Fine Sprinter.

London.—Sydney Talbot, the 98-year-old American marine engineer whose activity has been told of, has rivals. At a charitable fete given for the aged poor in Buckinghamshire prizes for flat races were won by two men aged 83 and 86 years respectively. In one woman's race a dame of 92 sprinted finely, but was beaten by a younger competitor.

A SMALL COIN BLOCKS CARS.

New York Motorman Searches Tracks Fifteen Minutes for Quarter.

New York.—There was much excitement on the Bowery the other day when a motorman on a south-bound Third avenue surface car tied up the line for nearly 15 minutes trying to find a 25-cent piece he had spied in the center of the track. The coin was lying in the groove of the rail. When he brought the car to a stop the wheels of the truck were directly over it.

This the motorman did not know, and he crawled under the car to search for the coin. A large crowd soon gathered, thinking something was wrong. The discovery was made at Grand street, just at the time when the streets were badly congested and traffic was at its height. Several policemen soon arrived and wanted to know what all the trouble was about. It wasn't long before the crowd learned what the motorman was after.

Several men and boys, including a couple of street-cleaning sweepers, immediately joined in the search. After crawling about for ten minutes in vain the motorman had an inspiration that the coin might be under the wheel. He told the conductor to start the car on about a foot. Then there was a scramble. Boys, men and street-cleaning sweepers made a rush for the bit of money at the same time. The motorman, who was the nearest to it, after a hard struggle, knocking the men and boys aside, finally got it.

By this time the street was blocked, and the drivers of trucks were yelling

BILLION LOST ON CRIMINALS.

Caring for Violent Costs More Yearly Than Nation's Wealth Grows.

Washington.—"This country spends \$5,000,000,000 annually on the criminal, pauper and vicious classes, and the annual increase of wealth is only \$5,000,000,000. Does not that look as if the public were bankrupt?"

This statement was made in a lecture by Dr. Charles J. Bushnell, who is conducting a model public playground here. He is a graduate of Heidelberg university and an authority on civic matters.

Dr. Bushnell's figures are taken, as he says, from reliable sources and represent years of careful study. He challenges anyone to disprove their accuracy. He and his wife have made a special study of what they call the "social illness" of the United States. Continuing, Dr. Bushnell said:

"Why, the \$5,000,000,000 that this nation spends every year on its criminal cases equals the amount spent on all churches, public libraries, the Young Men's Christian association, the Salvation Army, public hospitals, asylums for the insane and all benevolent institutions. The average factory hand earns \$440 a year, while it is estimated that the average criminal costs the public at least \$1,200 a year."